The Englishman in Paris. (1)

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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The Englishman in Paris.

THIS Comedy, by the late Samuel Foote, was played, for the first time, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the seaſon of 1753, *for the benefit of that old veteran Macklin; who, at this moment, bids fair to make good his own determination of not quitting his friends, on this side the water, till after the close of the* 18th *century.* "*I was not born in it,*" *says the venerable wag,* "*nor do I mean to die in it.*"

The part of Buck *was sustained by Macklin, in a ſtile of excellence which was never exceeded, even by Foote himſelf.*

The Lucinda *of Miss Macklin was highly honourable to the mind and powers of that excellent actress; the character demands the requiſites of ſpeaking, ſinging, and dancing; and in these varieties she delighted and ſurprized the audience. This lady has been dead ſeveral years: her loss was ſenſibly felt by those who had witneſſed her abilities on the mimic ſcene; while the deep regrets of all who knew her, were the beſt proof how well she had ſuſtained her part on the real one.*

Our Author's drift in writing this piece will appear ſufficiently obvious to the reader, who, perhaps, may give a thought to times paſt, and lament that its point applies not to times present.

March 25, 1794. T. B.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT GARDEN.

Men.

Buck, - -	Mr. Lee Lewes
Sir John Buck, - -	Mr. Powell
Subtle, - -	Mr. Thompson
Classic, - -	Mr. Hull
Marquis, - -	Mr. E. Powell.

Women.

Mrs. Subtile, - -	Mrs. Powell
Lucinda, - -	Mrs. Mattocks.

The Englishman in Paris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. SUBTLE *and* CLASSIC.

Mr. Subtle.

WELL, well, that may be; but still I say that a Frenchman——

Class. Is a fop; it is their national disease; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taste is trifling, their gaiety grimace, and their politeness pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-day! Why, what the deuse brings you to Paris then?

Class. A debt to friendship; not but I think a short residence here a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the use?

Class. In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness; a proper veneration for their national liberties: a contempt for adulation; and an

houour for the extended generous commerce of their country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Mr. Classic: the traders here are a sharp-set, cozening people; foreigners are their food; civilities with a—ay! ay! a congee for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling: devilish dear, Master Classic, devilish dear.

Class. To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr. Subtle, recommended to your protection.

Mr. Sub. Ay! and wisely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge? Where was Mr. Buck last night? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Class. I am afraid with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this court, and his passion for the lower amusement of ours will diminish of course.

Mr. Sub. All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without; taylors, peruquieurs, hatters, hosiers——— s not that Mr. Buck's English servant?

Enter ROGER.

Class. Oh! ay, honest Roger. So, the old doings, Roger; what time did your master come home?

Rog. Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly: here been two of his old comrades follow'd un already; I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'nnight.

Class. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbasket the bruisers; they all went to the show together, where they had the devil to pay; belike they had been sent to Bridewell, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by and releas'd them.—I hear master's bell; do, Master Classic, step up and talk to un; he's now sober, and may hearken to reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr. Subtle, you won't be out of the way. [*Exit Classic.*

Mr. Sub. I shall talk a little with the tradesmen. A smoky fellow this Classic; but if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter: contradiction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck—A tolerable expedient this, if it succeeds.—Fleece the younker!—Psha! that's a thing of course!—but by his means to get rid of Lucinda, and securely pocket her patrimony; ay! that indeed——

Enter Mrs. SUBTLE.

Oh! wife! Have you open'd the plot? Does the girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first; but I have open'd her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or later, women will attend to their interest.

Mr. Sub. Their interest! ay, that's true; but

consider, my dear, how deeply our own interest is concern'd, and let that quicken your zeal.

Mrs. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the girl has got such whimsical notions of honour, and is withal so decent and modest: I wonder where the deuse she got it; I am sure it was not in my house.

Mr. Sub. How does she like Buck's person?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prithee, husband, leave her to my management, and consider we have more irons in the fire than one. 'Here is the Mar-'quis de Soleil to meet Madame de Farde to-night. '—And where to put 'em, unless we can have 'Buck's apartment.' Oh! by-the-bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr. Puntwell's losings a-Thursday.

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail; he's a slippery chap, you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handsomely, ha!—— Hearts by hundreds! hum!

Mrs. Sub. Ay! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience, on her score, to two counts and a foreign minister.

Mr. Sub. Then strike whilst the iron's hot? but they'll be here before I can talk to my people; send 'em in, prithee.

[*Exit Mrs. Subtle.*

Enter Tradesmen.

So, gentlemen. Oh! hush! we are interrupted: If they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

Enter BUCK, CLASSIC, *and* ROGER.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Master Subtle, how do'st, old buck, hey? Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with she? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the matter, 'squire? Your face seems a little in deshabille.

Buck. A touch of the times, old boy! a small skirmish; after I was down, tho', a set of cowardly sons of ——; there's George and I will box any five for their sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it? The French are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall seven or eight upon three: Seven or eight! ecod, we had the whole house upon us at last.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! why, nothing at all. But, wounds! how the powder flew about, and the Monsieurs scour'd!

Mr. Sub. But what offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why, I was telling Domine. Last night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket, and I, were walking thro' one of their rues, I think they call

them here, they are streets in London! but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them; so we see crowds of people going into a house, and comedy pasted over the door: in we troop'd with the rest, paid our cash, and sat down on the stage. Presently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail, just by me: Ecod, what does me I for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so, when 'twas her turn to figure out, souse she flapp'd on her back; 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an uproar. One whey-fac'd son of a bitch, that came to loose the woman, turn'd up his nose, and call'd me *bete:* ecod, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him. Another came up to second him; but I let drive at the mark, made the soup-maigre rumble in his bread-basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in pour'd a million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happened after, I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

Class. Oh fie! ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony:——Mr. Subtle too has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conversation of the ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these? What, Mr. Subtle, these are Monsieurs too, I suppose?

Mr. Sub. No, Squire, they are Englishmen;

fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

Class. It is not in this instance alone we are particular, Mr. Subtle; I have observ'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your wife, and Miss Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing else have I seen since I lost sight of Dover. The men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: the women are a parcel of painted dolls; their food's fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor their frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you—Harkee! What, are you an Englishman?

Barb. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself?—Sirrah, if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling——the rascal looks as he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years; I'll be hang'd if the rogue han't been fed on frogs ever since he came over. Away with your trumpery!

Class. Mr. Buck, a compliance with the customs of the country in which we live, where neither our

religion nor our morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe ourselves.

Mr. Sub. Besides, 'squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public places; which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that—— No! no! they han't spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Dauphine, come, produce—Upon my word, in an elegant taste, Sir——This gentleman has had the honour to—

Dauph. To work for all the beaux esprits of the court. My good fortune commenc'd by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the skirt of Marshal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la duchess Rambouillet, and totally established the reputation of your humble servant.

Buck. Hold your jaw, and dispatch.

Mr. Sub. A word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie! who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

Buck. For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you as soon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je suis peruquier, Monsieur.

Buck. Speak English, you son of a whore.

Barb. I am a perriwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first? What, are you asham'd of your mother-tongue? I knew this fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy-work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, Sir, something that will do for the present: But a peruque is a different *ouvrage*, another sort of a thing here from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the colour of the complexion, and the *tour de visage*, the form of the face; for which end it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights: A little to the right, if you please.

Buck. Why, you dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig *comm' il faut.*

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's curse! Would you resemble some of your countrymen, who, at the first importation, with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head! Or else their water-gruel jaws, sunk in a thicket of curls, appear for all the world like a lark in a soup-dish!

Mr. Sub. Come, 'squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, but what must I do?

[*Places him in a chair.*

Barb. To the right, Sir—now to the left—now your full—and now, Sir, I'll do your business.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasioned in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes, a bloody pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably asham'd of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds in this trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my honour, dress greatly improves you. Your opinion, Mr. Classic.

Class. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little time Mr. Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I? I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, Mr. Subtle. What must I do now?

Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But harkee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of my trammels when I hunt with the king.

Mr. Sub. Well, well.

Buck. I'll on with my jemmies; none of your black bags and jack-boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No, no.

Buck. I'll show them the odds on't, old Silver-tail! I will. Hey!

Mr. Sub. Ay, ay.

Buck. Hedge, stake, or stile, over we go!

Mr. Sub. Ay; but Mr. Classic waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chace she carry'd me last Christmas eve? We uckennell'd at———

Mr. Sub. I am busy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and horses.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the tour of Europe with me: And then there's Tom Atkins the huntsman, the two whippers-in, and little Joey the groom, comes with them. Damme, what a strange place they'll think this. But no matter for that; then we shall be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten minutes—An impertinent jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, gentlemen; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than 20 *per cent.* out of that suit.

Dauph. Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why, I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New, Sir! Why, as I hope to be——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a rogue; did not I see at Madam Fripon's that waistcoat and sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the waistcoat and sleeves, I own; but for the body and lining—may I never see——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a scoundrel; five-and-thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must. [*Exit Dauph.*

'*Mr. Sub.* Oh, Solitaire! I can't pay that draft 'of Mr ——, these six weeks; I want money.

'*Soli. Je suis dans le meme cas—Je—*

'*Mr. Sub.* What, d'ye mutiny, rascal? About 'your business, or—— [*Exeunt.*'

I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. SUBTLE.

Mrs. Sub. The Calais letters, my dear.

Mr. Sub. (*reads.*) Ah! ah! Calais—the Dover packet arrived last night, loading as follows: Six taylors, ditto barbers; five milliners, bound to Paris to study fashions; four citizens come to settle here for a month, by way of seeing the country; ditto, their wives; ten French valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their masters; nine figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good case; 'twelve dogs, ditto bitches, 'with two monkeys, and a litter of puppies from 'Mother Midnight's in the Hay-market:' A precious cargo! *Postscript.* One of the coasters is just put in, with his grace the duke of ——, my lord, and an old gentleman whose name I can't learn!

Gadso! Well, my dear, I must run, and try to secure these customers; there's no time to be lost.

[*Exit.* '*Mean while*——'

Enter CLASSIC.

Mrs. Sub. So, Mr. Classic, what, have you left the young couple together?

Class. They want your ladyship's presence, Madam, for a short tour to the Tuilleries. I have received some letters, which I must answer immediately.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! well, well; no ceremony; we are all of a family, you know. Servant.

Enter ROGER.

Class. Roger!

Rog. Anon!

Class. I have just received a letter from your old master; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this circumstance should be conceal'd from his son; for which purpose you must wait at the Picardy gate, and deliver a letter, I shall give you, into his own hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Class. But, Roger, be secret.

Rog. O lud! never you fear.

Class. So, Mr. Subtle, I see your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon; the mistress a commode, and the master a—But who can this ward be? Possibly the neglected punk of some riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. Buck's father is arriv'd,

or my authority would prove but an insufficient match for my pupil's obstinacy. This mad boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous, an experiment is it to expose our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantastic court? Far different was the prudent practice of our forefathers:

They scorn'd to truck, for base unmanly arts,
Their native plainness and their honest hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,
'Twas armed with bearded dart and pointed lance.
'No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,
'No charms for them had fops or flattery;
'Paris, they knew, their streamers wav'd around,
'There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.'
Far other views attract our modern race,
Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocade, and lace;
A flaunting form and a fictitious face.
Rouse! reassume! refuse a Gallic reign,
Nor let their arts win that their arms could never gain.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Mr. CLASSIC *and* ROGER.

Roger.

OLD maister's at a coffee-house next street, and will tarry till you send for 'un.

Class. By-and-bye; in the dusk, bring him up the back-stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Class. Let Sir John know that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the house an instant.

Rog. Ay, ay. [*Exit Roger.*

Class. I suppose by this time matters are pretty well settled within, and my absence only wanted to accomplish the scene; but I shall take care to——— Oh! Mr. Subtle and his lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. SUBTLE.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, delightfully! Now, my dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my abilities for forming a female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserv'd: Oh, she has him!

Mrs. Sub. Ay, aye; the fish is hook'd: but then safely to land him——Is Classic suspicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I observe; but the secret must soon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore dispatch: I have laid a trap to inflame his affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He shall be treated with a display of Lucy's talents; her singing, and dancing.

Mr. Sub. Psha! her singing and dancing!

Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, husband, half the force of these accomplishments in a fashionable figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no reason; she does both well enough to flatter a fool, especially with love for her second: besides, I have a coup de maitre, a sure card.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?

Mrs. Sub. The language-master: He may be easily equipt for the expedition; a second-hand tawdry suit of cloaths will pass him on our countryman for a marquis; and then, to excuse his speaking our language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But hush! the Squire approaches; don't seem to observe him.

Enter BUCK.

For my part, I never saw any thing so alter'd since

I was born: In my conscience, I believe she's in love with him.

Buck. Hush! [*Aside.*

Mr. Sub. D'ye think so?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd sprightly fellow: and, for the time, such an improvement! Why, he wears his cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. Sub. Why, he has had but three lessons from Marseil, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three months stay here will render him a perfect model for the English court.

Mr. Sub. Gadso! No wonder then, with these qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward; but we must take care that the girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, dismiss your fears; her family, good sense, and, more than all, her being educated under my eye, render them unnecessary; besides, Mr. Buck is too much a man of honour to ———

(He interrupts them.)

Buck. Damn me if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bless me, Sir, you here! I did not expect——

Buck. I beg pardon: but all that I heard was, that Mr. Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have some chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you alone with my wife.

Buck. So you may safely; I have other game in view. Servant Mr. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling scene: I long to know how he'll begin. (*Aside.*) Well, Mr. Buck, your commands with me, Sir?

Buck. Why, Madam—I ah—I ah——but let's shut the door: I was, Madam—ah! ah! Can't you guess what I want to talk about?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my soul, I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impossible for me to devine—But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you observ'd nothing?

Mrs. Sub. About who?

Buck. Why, about me.

Mrs. Sub. Yes; you are new-dress'd, and your cloaths become you.

Buck. Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!—Upon my soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then 'tis to no purpose to wait; Write your mind.

Buck. No, no; stop a moment, and I will tell.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine girl; and I should be glad to——

Mrs. Sub. To——Bless me!—What, Mr. Buck,

and in my house?—Oh, Mr. Buck, you have deceiv'd me!—Little did I think, that under the appearance of so much honesty, you could go to——

Buck. Upon my soul, you're mistaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor orphan too! depriv'd in her earliest infancy of a father's prudence and a mother's care.

Buck. Why, I tell you——

Mrs. Sub. So sweet, so lovely an innocence; her mind as spotless as her person.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir; where had you your thoughts of me? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a——

Buck. The woman is bewitch'd.

Mrs. Sub. I! whose untainted reputation the blistering tongue of slander never blasted. Full fifteen years, in wedlock's sacred bands, have I liv'd unreproach'd; and now to——

Buck. Od's fury! She's in heroics.

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whose fair outside and bewitching tongue had so far lull'd my fears, I dar'd have trusted all my daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my soul, and so you might safely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your defence?

Buck. Oh, oh! What, are you got pretty well to the end of your line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a bit, we may make a shift to understand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my fears.

Buck. Ease you of your fears! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy was a fine wench; and if she was as willing as me——

Mrs. Sub. Willing! Sir! What demon——

Buck. If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why, that if she lik'd me as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh, Sir! if that was indeed your drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your wish too much; there are numerous obstacles; your father's consent, the law of the land——

Buck. What laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandestine marriages are void in this country.

Buck. Damn the country—In London now, a footman may drive to May-fair, and in five minutes be tack'd to a countess; but there's no liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate couples have indeed gone off post to Protestant states; but I hope my ward will have more prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she oes.

Buck. Does she, by——

Mrs. Sub. Calm your transports.

Buck. Well! but how? She did not, did she? Hey! Come now, tell——

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming; this is her hour for music and dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a peep?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this corner.

Enter LUCINDA, *with* GAMUT.

Luc. The news, the news, Monsieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the first intelligence! What's doing at Versailles? When goes the court to Marli? Does Rameau write the next opera? What say the critics of Voltaire's Duke de Foix?—Answer me all in a breath.

Buck. A brave-spirited girl! She'll take a five-barr'd gate in a fortnight.

Gam. The conversation of the court your ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your appearance.

Luc. Oh, you flatterer! have I? Well, and what fresh victims? But 'tis impossible; the sunshine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

Gam. What injustice to your own charms and our discernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not—if I have fire enough to warm one British bosom, rule! rule! ye Paris belles! I envy not your conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Hush!

Luc. But come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the business of the day. Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly—But come, for your last lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the words?

Luc. Oh, charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *coup d' essai.*

Gam. Take care of your expression; let your eyes and address accompany the sound and sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. *Allons, commencez.* [*Lucinda sings.*

[*An occasional song is here introduced by Lucinda.*]

Gam. Bravo! bravo!

Buck. Bravo! bravissimo! My lady, what was the song about? [*Aside to Mrs. Subtle.*

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'tis her own composing.

Buck. What, does she make verses then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the subject of these.

Buck. Ah! d'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her ogling, 'twas the music-man himself.

Luc. Well, Mr. Gamut; tolerably well, for so young a scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyship's progress will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

Enter SERVANT.

Luc. Your servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your dancing-master, Monsieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter KITTEAU.

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't poisibly take a lesson this morning, I am so busy; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a minuet by way of exercise.

[*A minuet here introduced.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Monsieur le Marquis de———

Luc. Admit him this instant.

Mrs. Sub. A lover of Lucinda! a Frenchman of fashion, and vast fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his business, I'll warrant you.

Enter MARQUIS.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Mar. *Ma chere adorable!*———'Tis an age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! an eternity! But 'tis your own fault, though.

Mar. My misfortune, *ma princesse!* But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a shift to transplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your absence has distress'd me. Demand of these gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

Mar. But now that I'm arriv'd, we'll dance and sing, and drive care to the—Ha! Monsieur Kitteau! Have you practised this morning?

Luc. I had just given my hand to Kitteau before you came.

Mar. I was in hopes that honour would have been reserv'd for me. May I flatter myself that your ladyship will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me?

Enter BUCK *briskly. Takes her hand.*

Buck. Not that you know of, Monsieur.

Mar. Hey! *Diable! Quelle bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monsieur Ragout, if you repeat that word *bête*, I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last night one of your countrymen.

Mar. Quel savage!

Buck. And another word; as I know you can speak very good English, if you will; when you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Mar. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious gentleman? How comes he to be interested? Some relation, I suppose?

Buck. No; I'm a lover.

Mar. Oh! Oh! a rival! *Eh morbleu!* a dangerous one too. Ha, ha! Well, Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give laws to this lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular affection, to knock down every mortal she likes, *a-la-mode d' Angletterre?* Hey! Monsieur Roast-beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that lady for my wife: consider her as such; and don't choose to have her soil'd by the impertinent addresses of every French fop, *a-la-mode de Paris*, Monsieur Fricassy!

Mar. Fricassy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A truce, a truce, I beseech you, gentlemen: it seems I am the golden prize for which you plead; produce your pretensions; you are the representatives of your respective countries. Begin, Marquis, for the honour of France; let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

Mar. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible, a perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form fashions; hate your husband, and let him see it; indulge your gallant, and let t'other know it; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He! *Ma chere!* There are pleasures for you.

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! these are allurements for a woman of spirit: but don't let us conclude hastily; hear the other side. What have you to offer, Mr. Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a woman of spirit, they give you the same advantages at London as at Paris, with a privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable right to cheat at cards, in spite of detection.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, we have the same; but I thought this privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

Buck. You give up nothing, I find: but to tell you my blunt thoughts in a word, if any woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her husband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me if I'm a husband fit for her humour; that's all.

Mar. I told you, Mademoiselle!

Luc. But stay; what have you to offer as a counterbalance for these pleasures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, courage to protect you, good-nature to indulge your love, and health enough to make gallants useless, and too good a fortune to render running in debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

Mar. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any use for the fashionable liberties you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national prejudice, here's my hand, Mr. Buck.

Buck. Servant, Monsieur.

Mar. Serviteur.

Buck. No offence?

Mar. Not in the least; I am only afraid the reputation of that lady's taste will suffer a little; and to show her at once the difference of her choice, the preference, which if bestowed on me would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring; so that favour which would probably have provok'd

my fate, is now your protection. *Voila la politesse Francoise*, Madam; I have the honour to be——— *Bon jour, Monsieur.* Tol de rol. [*Exit Mar.*

Buck. The fellow bears it well. Now, if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and settle matters with Mr. Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my duty to obey. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROGER, *peeping about.*

Rog. The coast is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Mr. Classic.

Enter Mr. CLASSIC *and Sir* JOHN BUCK.

Class. Roger, watch at the door. I wish, Sir John, I could give you a more cheerful welcome: but we have no time to lose in ceremony; you are arrived in the critical minute; two hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderate couple out of the reach of pursuit.

Sir John. How can I acknowledge your kindness? You have preserv'd my son; you have sav'd———

Class. I have done my duty; but of that———

Rog. Maister and the young woman's coming.

Class. Sir John, place yourself here, and be a witness how near a crisis is the fate of your family.

Enter BUCK *and* LUCINDA.

Buck. Psha! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the fear of my father. Besides, she told me we could never be married here; and so pack up a few things, and we'll off in a post-chaise directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. Buck, let me have a moment's reflection——What am I about? Contriving in concert with the most profligate couple that ever disgrac'd human nature, to impose an indigent orphan on the sole representative of a wealthy and honourable family! Is this a character becoming my birth and education? What must be the consequence? Sure detection and contempt; contempt even from him, when his passions cool——I have resolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam!

Luc. As the expedition we are upon the point of taking, is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over hasty in our resolution.

Buck. Psha! Stuff! When a thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolv'd, give me leave to beg an answer to two questions.

Buck. Make haste then.

Luc. What are your thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why, that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy girl, and will make a devilish good wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my rank and fortune?

Buck. Mr. Subtle says they are both great; but that's no business of mine; I was always determin'd to marry for love.

Luc. Generously said! My birth, I believe, won't disgrace you; but for my fortune, your friend Mr. Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much good may it do him; I have enough for both: but we lose time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By domine; or perhaps father may come.

Luc. Your father!—You think he would prevent you then?

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know: but psha! 'zooks! this is like saying one's catechise.

Luc. But don't you think your father's consent necessary?

Buck. No: why 'tis I am to be married and not he. But come along: old fellows love to be obstinate; but 'ecod I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had propos'd me a wife, that would have been reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Sir JOHN BUCK *and* CLASSIC.

Sir John. Sir, I am obliged to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire subjection of that paternal weakness which has hitherto suspended the correction your abandoned libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, disclaim'd my protection, cancell'd the natural covenant between us; 'tis time I now should give you up to the guidance of your own guilty passions, and treat you as a stranger to my blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

Sir John. Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw, giddy girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; complete your project, and add her ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

Sir John. A stale, obvious artifice! She knew the discovery of the fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid discovery. The lady, doubtless, Sir, has other secrets to disclose; but as her cunning reveal'd the first, her policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by-and-by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the protectress of my own honour? in justice to that, I must demand an explanation. What secrets, Sir?

Sir John. Oh, perhaps a thousand. But I am to blame to call them secrets; the customs of this gay country give sanction, and stamp merit upon vice! and vanity will here proclaim what modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my virtue then?

Sir John. You are a lady; but the fears of a father

may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeness: therefore, to be plain, from your residence in this house, from your connection with these people, and from the scheme which my presence has interrupted, I have suspicions—of what nature ask yourself.

Luc. Sir, you have reason; appearances are against me, I confess; but when you have heard my melancholy story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom you now hate.

Sir John. Madam, 'you misemploy your time; 'there tell your story, there it will be believed;' I am too knowing in the wiles of women to be soften'd by a syren-tear, or impos'd on by an artful tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir; on my knee I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and must do me justice.

Class. I am sure, Madam, Sir John will be glad to find his fears are false; but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir; and I shall but little trespass on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, misguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earliest infancy, to France; that, dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our shatter'd fortune, to the direction of this rapacious pair; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

Sir John. Go on.

Luc. But when you know that, plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this plot; forced to comply, under the penalty

of deepest want; without one hospitable roof to shelter me; without one friend to comfort or relieve me; you must, you can't but pity me.

Sir John. Proceed.

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determined never to wed your son, at least without your knowledge and consent, I hope your justice then will credit and acquit me.

Sir John. Madam, your tale is plausible and moving; I hope 'tis true. Here comes the explainer of this riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. SUBTLE.

Mr. Sub. Buck's father!

Sir John. I'll take some other time, Sir, to thank you for the last proofs of your friendship to my family; in the mean time, be so candid as to instruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it seems you have chosen for the partner of my son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Buck's partner——I chose——I ——I——

Sir John. No equivocation or reserve; your plot's reveal'd, known to the bottom. Who is the lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir,—the lady's a gentlewoman, Sir.

Sir John. By what means?

Mr. Sub. By her father and mother.

Sir John. Who were they, Sir?

Mr. Sub. Her mother was of——I forget her maiden name.

Sir John. You ha'nt forgot her father's?

Mr. Sub. No, no, no.

Sir John. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I suppose.

Sir John. No matter, I must have it, Sir, from you. Here's some mystery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas Worthy.

Sir John. Not the daughter of Sir Gilbert?

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Sir John. My poor girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redress you. And pray, Sir, after the many pressing letters you received from me, how came this truth concealed? But I guess your motive. Dry up your tears, Lucinda, at last you have found a father. Hence, ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abusing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect

[*Exit Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.*

Luc. Am I then justified?

Sir John. You are: your father was my first and firmest friend; I mourn'd his loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

Buck. Pray, han't I some merit in finding her? she's mine by the custom of the manor.

Sir John. Yours!——First study to deserve her; she's mine, Sir; I have just redeem'd this valuable treasure, and shall not trust it in a spendthrift's hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Sir John. Disclaim the partners of your riot, polish your manners, reform your pleasures, and before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the

land where first you saw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, Sir, we shall have no difficulty in persuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate son to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to those of his own.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LUCINDA.

ESCCAP'D from my guardian's tyrannical sway,
By a fortunate voyage on a prosperous day,
I am landed in England; and now must endeavour,
By some means or other, to curry your favour.
Of what use to be freed from a Gallic subjection,
Unless I'm secure of a British protection?
Without cash--but one friend--and he too just made;
Egad, I've a mind to set up some trade:
Of what sort? In the papers I'll publish a puff,
Which won't fail to procure me custom enough;
" That a lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,
" Who with exquisite art has nicely contriv'd
" The best paint for the face—the best paste for the
" hands;
" A water for freckles, for flushings, and tans.
" She can teach you the melior coeffeure for the head,
" To lisp—amble—and simper—and put on the red:
" To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,
" Um—no; that they already know pretty well here.
" The beaux she instructs to bow with a grace,
" The happiest shrug—the newest grimace;
" To *parler Francois*—fib, flatter, and dance;
" Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.

" Not a buck nor a blood, through the whole Eng-
" lish nation,
" But his roughness she'll soften, his figure she'll
" fashion.
" The merriest John Trot in a week you shall zee
" *Bien poli, bien frizé, tout-à-fait un marquis.*"
What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your
gout?
May I hope for disciples in any of you?
Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without
art?
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at
heart.
Then take this advice, which I give for her sake,
You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make:
In a country of commerce, too great the expense,
For their baubles and bows to give you good sense.